



## **Coffee and Contemplation** by [On\\_The\\_Edge\\_of\\_Glory](#)

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**Summary:**

"Mornings are for Coffee and Contemplation."- Hopper. Chloe and Hazel aren't the types to stand around and do nothing. They'll protect their friends with their lives. They will gladly sacrifice themselves for others. But every morning begins with coffee and contemplation.

## Coffee and Contemplation



Hazel Hopper

Chloe Hopper

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Hazel moves around the house picking up empty beer cans and cigarette packets. Ever since her mom left years ago she has been the one taking care of this family. Her mother walked out on them when they needed them more. Worst of all she used the death of Sara as an excuse to walk out. Their father turned to alcohol and sex for comfort leaving his eleven-year-old daughter to raise his seven-year-old, clean the house, and do the things that the woman of the house has to do. It's always been like this sense Sara's death.

They were all affected by Sara's death. Their father went into a depression, their mother took off, Chloe grew distant after losing her twin, and Hazel grew quiet. Both girls were quiet, kept to themselves mostly, and fell into an easy routine of going to school and coming home. They have very few friends. The two didn't talk about their family or their past to anyone, not even their friends, but their friends did help them forget about their troubles and made their lives better. Whenever Hazel could she sent Chloe to the Wheeler or Byers house to spend time there, not wanting her to see their drunken father.

Chloe was there now, while Hazel cleaned her father's mess and tried ignoring the noise from her father's bedroom. Hazel already knew what the morning would be like. Her father will look at her with that guilty remorseful face and apologize for how he acted the night before. He'll tell her it won't happen again, but they both know it will, and then he'll just hold her like he used to do when she had nightmares as a kid. He was still her father and she loved him, but he was broken and refused to allow someone to help him. So they fell into this rhythm. He promised to change, she wished to believe him, she comes home and cleans the house and bring home groceries, he goes out and drinks and brings home some woman, she'll clean back up again, and the whole thing will repeat.

A sigh escapes Hazle as she throws away the last can. The place was as clean as it could get without bothering her father and his newest lay. Hazel sits by the window, staring out at the woods. She has

always loved nature. Before Sara's death, Hazel used to go hunting with her father, she favored a combat bow. Many of the deer heads that decorated their hunting cabin came from her kills. Hunting had been her thing with her father, while movies had been Chloe's and their dad's thing. He used to take Chloe every other weekend to the movies, the other weekends were reserved for hunting with Hazel. He used to be the best father, always there for them and always going out of his way for them. Hazel hasn't been hunting with her father in years, but she still goes hunting up at the cabin on the weekends that they used to go, just like Chloe goes to the movies the weekends she used to with their dad. Only now Chloe takes either Will or Mike with her and Hazel goes on her own.

Losing Sara was bad for them all, but in losing her they lost their mother and their father. Everyone gives them sympathetic looks and apologies, but neither want to hear it. The only thing that could make either of them feel better is if their dad got better. The two were close to him, while Sara had been closer to their mother. Sara had been so innocent. She was the outgoing, loving, and girly one of them, while both Chloe and Hazel are the quiet, withdrawn, tomboys. If Sara had lived she would have been something to see. Hazel is sure all the boys would have been after her. She was after all very beautiful, even for a seven-year-old.

A slam is heard from down the hall, causing Hazel to jump. Shortly after the slam came giggles from the woman he had brought home. Hazel sighs and moves down to the other side of the house where hers and Chloe's rooms are. She goes into her room and begins to play her music, wanting to block out the noise of her father getting some.

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Chloe leans back in her seat as the boys played before her. She had been killed earlier by a monster, but she still was happy with watching the boys play. She has always been a bit of a nerd. She liked video games, movies, and games like dungeon and dragons. Science was also her forte, while math was a whole other beast to her.

"Something is coming." Mike begins as Chloe smiles. "Something

hungry for blood."

"Dun dun." Chloe whispers in Will's ear, pinching his arm, causing him to jump and give a small chuckle.

"Clo." Will laughs. They say you only have one best friend and if that was true Mike's was Lucas' and Chloe's was Will. Will and she had been friends since before Sara's death. He was the only one who really got her and could get her to open up. He always was there when she needed to talk to someone or just have some skin to skin contact. Something as simple as a hug went a long way for Chloe and Will got it. He got her. When they started hanging out with Mike and Lucas it just worked. They got along and they had fun. Dustin joined later and despite him being late to the group they still welcomed him with open arms. It's just unfortunate that he didn't have a best friend by his side.

"A shadow grows on the wall behind you, swallowing you in darkness."

"The darkness is blinding." Chloe whispers, trying to freak Will out alongside Mike.

"Chloe." Will whines. While Will knew all about Chloe's sister's death, about her parents' problems, and about her own problems. She knew about his life too. She knew about how terrible his dad is, how hard things are for his mom, how devoting his brother is to him. They knew everything about each other.

"It is almost here." Mike says.

"What is it?" Will asks.

"What if it's the Demogorgon?" Dustin asks. Will groans and sits back in his chair. "Oh, Jesus, we're so screwed if it's the Demogorgon."

"It's not the Demogorgon." Lucas assures.

"Whatever it is it'll eat your soul." Chloe says before tickling Will's side. Will laughs.

"Stop, Chloe, can't you just sit still and pay attention?" He laughs. She

often got bored easily and had a short attention span. It's the curse of having ADHD. Will was the only person to get her to sit still and pay attention. Like always, Will pulls her onto his lap, to keep her still. He wraps his arms strongly around her waist and pulls her back against his chest.

He smelt good. Like mint, more than likely from his toothpaste, and a bit like lemons, from his shampoo no doubt, and had a musk smell from the cologne he borrowed from his brother. The smell of him made Chloe sigh, leaning farther back to allow it to engulf her. She always loved to have Will close to her, to smell his scent around her, to feel the warmth of his embrace. She wouldn't admit it, but it did things to her. It caused a warmth to grow in her belly, to electricity to run over her skin, her blood would heat and run through her veins like lava, and her breath seems to catch in her throat, especially when his fingers would run over her arms or legs or neck. She loved him touching her, holding her, but these aren't things friends do, so she never tells him, but he knew. He knew deep down that she liked this and so he always did it as often as he could. He didn't want the others to question them, but he knew that they also knew something was going on between them.

It started out small. One day a hug from each other sent that tingling electricity over them. Another day the smell of each other's scents made them breathless and warm. Then finally the very touch of each other's skin sent them into a thoughtless, mind-blowing, quiet haze. Time seemed to stop when they were holding each other. They were aware of nothing around them except each other. And they'd never let go.

Will loved Chloe's smell just as much. She always smelt of strawberries and chocolate. The strawberries came from her soap and perfume, while chocolate came from her breath and her addiction to the sweet candy.

Without even aware of it the both of them had closed their eyes just to inhale the scent around them, each other's scent. Will's fingers are moving once more, over her bare arms, causing goosebumps to trail after his fingers. She's in only a tank top with her flannel on, which was rolled up past her elbows, and she had a pair of jeans and her boots on. Her favorite thin green jacket rested on the couch with her

winter fur vest, but being in Will's arms she didn't feel cold. In fact, she felt so warm that she thought she'd combust. Without realizing it she scoots back further on his lap, while his arms tighten around her, pulling her more so on his lap.

"An army of troglodytes charge into the chamber!" The two friends jump as Mike slams down the game piece. The hazy bliss the two were in snapped and they were back with the others. Neither missed the side glance from Lucas or the knowing look from Mike. They all knew the two had more than friendship, but they all thought it better than to say anything to the two friends.

"Troglodytes?" Dustin asks as Will places a soft sudden kiss to the nape of Chloe's neck. Her brown eyes were wide as she felt the soft lips. A pink blush exploded on her face as Will leans back in his seat as if he had never touched her in such a way. Chloe swallowed the lump in her throat and allowed her body to follow his, leaning back against him so that there was not even a breath of air between their bodies.

"You okay?" Will whispered in her ear. "You feel stiff."

"I'm okay." Chloe tells him as she rubs his arm. Will smiles and looks at the others as Mike got serious again.

"Wait a minute." Chloe's attention is back on the game. "Did you hear that? That sound. Boom... Boom..." Chloe grips Will's arm tighter. "Boom!" She jumps and turns, burying her face in Will's neck.

"It's a Demogorgon." She whispers fearfully.

"That didn't come from the troglodytes. No, that..." Will sits up and keeps his arms around Cloe. "That came from something else." Mike moves and slams a piece down. "The Demogorgon."

"No!" Chloe cries as the boys groan.

"We're in deep shit." Dustin curses.

"Will your action!" Mike yells.

"I don't know!" Will yells.

"Fireball him!"

"I'd have to roll a thirteen or higher!" Will tells Lucas.

"Too risky. Cast a protection spell." Dustin says.

"Chloe?" All eyes fall on Chloe as she looks at Will. "What do I do?"

Her eyes move around the table before landing on the Demogorgon. "Do what you believe in most." She says, causing Will to nod.

"Don't be a pussy, fireball him!" Lucas jumps in.

"Cast protection." Dustin orders.

"The Demogorgon is tired of your silly human bickering! It stomps towards you." Mike yells. "Boom!"

"Fireball him!" Lucas yells.

"Another stomp, boom!"

"Cast protection!" Will looks at Chloe who gives him a reassuring smile.

"It roars in anger!"

"Fireball!" Will throws the dice, causing it to go flying.

"Oh, shit!" Chloe curses as they all rush up.

"Where'd it go?" Lucas asks. "Where is it?"

"I don't know!" Will yells as Chloe crawls around, distracting him.

"Is it a thirteen?" Will forces his eyes away from Chloe.

"I don't know!" He yells, frustrated in many different ways.

"Where is it?" Lucas asks.

"Mike!" His mother yells.

"Oh, my god! Oh, my god!" Dustin says as he begins to pace.

"Mike!"

"Can you find it yet?" Lucas asks as Will hits head with Chloe.

"Ow, no, I can't find it!" Will snaps as his eyes meet Chloe, who is trying not to laugh.

"Sorry." He rolls his eyes and looks at her.

"You're lucky your cute." Pink fills Chloe's cheeks as they both looked at each other in shock at what Will just said.

"Mike!" Chloe's eyes shoot up to Mike's mom, which causes her to hit her head on the stairs.

"Ow."

"Mom, we're in the middle of a campaign!" Mike tells her.

"You mean the end?" She asks. "Fifteen after." Chloe rolls her eyes and slips out from beneath the stairs. She dusts her jeans off and brushes her hair out of her face.

"Oh, my god! Freaking idiot!" Lucas snaps, causing Chloe to hit him upside the head.

"Don't be a jerk!" She snaps.

"Why do we have to go?" Will whines. Chloe pulls on her jacket and her vest before pulling her hair back into a ponytail. "Oh, I got it!" Will announces. "Does the seven-count?"

"It was a seven?" Lucas asks. "Did Mike see it?" Will shakes his head. "Then it doesn't count."

"That's cheating." Chloe tells him.

"Oh, hush it, elf." Chloe rolls her eyes as she glances at Will.

"You ready?"

"Yeah, come on." Will takes her hand and heads up the stairs after Lucas.

"Yo, hey, guys." They turn to see Dustin holding up a box. "Does anyone want this?"

"No." They all say together.

They head out the door to their bikes. "You sure you don't want me to ride with you home? Make sure you get there safe." Will asks, causing Chloe to blush and gives him a shy smile.

"Thanks, Will, but I'll be okay." Dustin walks out then.

"There's something wrong with your sister." He tells Mike.

"What are you talking about?" Mike asks as they glance at him.

"She's got a stick up her butt."

"She's a teenager." Chloe shrugs.

"Yeah." Lucas agrees. "It's because she's been dating that douchebag, Steve Harrington."

"But Hazel isn't like that."

"Hazel's different than normal teenagers." Chloe tells him.

"Yeah, well, Nancy's turning into a real jerk." Dustin tells them as he hops onto his bike.

"She's always been a real jerk." Mike tells them as Chloe hops onto the bike behind Will.

"Nuh-uh, she used to be cool. Like that time she dressed up as an elf for our Elder tree campaign."

"Four years ago!" Mike yells as they ride down the driveway.

"Just saying!" Dustin yells.

"Later!" Lucas calls.

"Bye!" Chloe heads in the opposite direction as the guys, already dreading heading home and not staying with Will and them.